



A S O N G,

For the *Thanksgiving* Night.

Tune of, *Bumper 'Squire Jones*.

I.

Y E Friends of the State,
Who meet to rejoice for the Rout of its Foes;
Be not so sedate,
But leave off dull Thinking,
And let chearful Drinking
The Evening close.
A Glass of good Claret,
I pray do not spare it;
Will drive away Sorrow and care from the Heart,
Why should we stand gazing,
While Bonfires are blazing,
Without Loyal Healths 'tis a Sin to depart.

II.

This Health's to the KING,
And may he live long *Britain's* Sceptre to sway;
May *Jacobites* swing,
Who Mischief are brewing,
To bring on our Ruin,
And Freedom betray:
The honest brave Fellow,
Or sober or mellow,
Will bear no Affection to *Rome* or to *France*,
Nor shows by his Fleering,
His Cogging or Sneering,
That he should be pleas'd with his Country's Mischance.

III.

The PRINCE is the next,
Then fill up your Glasses as high as you can;
And shun all Pretext.
This Task is no Trial,
But a Loyal,
I hope, to a Man.
And here's to the PRINCESS,
That Poltroon that winces
To season his Wine with so charming a Toast,
May give his Attendance
On the Independants,
And hear the dire Speeches of *Morgan's* grim Ghost.

IV.

And now to the DUKE,
Whose Conduct and Courage did *Britain* redeem
And gave a Rebuke
To Rebels and Traytors,
And Protestant-Haters,
And blasted their Scheme.
Come! where stands the Liquor?
Pray drink about quicker;
And let the Room echo with *William's* lov'd Name.
His beating the Rebels,
To quaff us enables,
Therefore to his Health fill a Bumper for Shame.

V.

To Humbling proud *France*,
The common Disturber of *Europe's* Repose,
Your Glasses advance,
May its Tricks and Caballing,
End in the Enthralling
Those treacherous Foes.
May Trade ever flourish,
Our Country to nourish,
And through the wide Globe be extended around,
May Conquest attend us,
Till Peace shall befriend us,
A Peace firm and lasting with rich Plenty crown'd.

